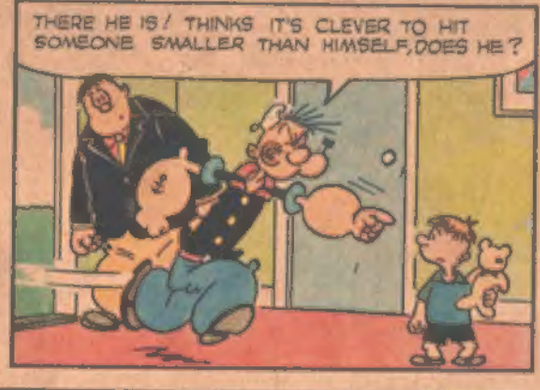
TV COMIC

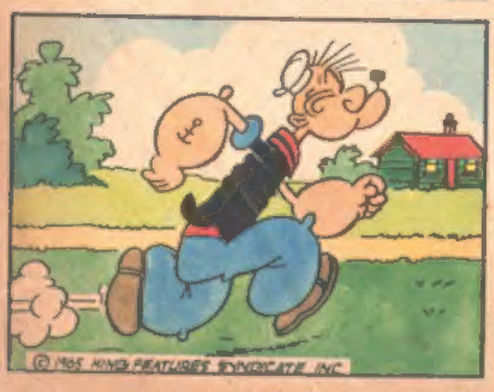
the best for TV fun

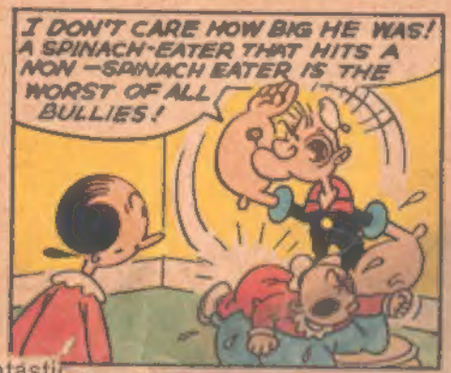
6D

Every Monday | Week Ending 7th August, 1965 | Number 712

POPEYE



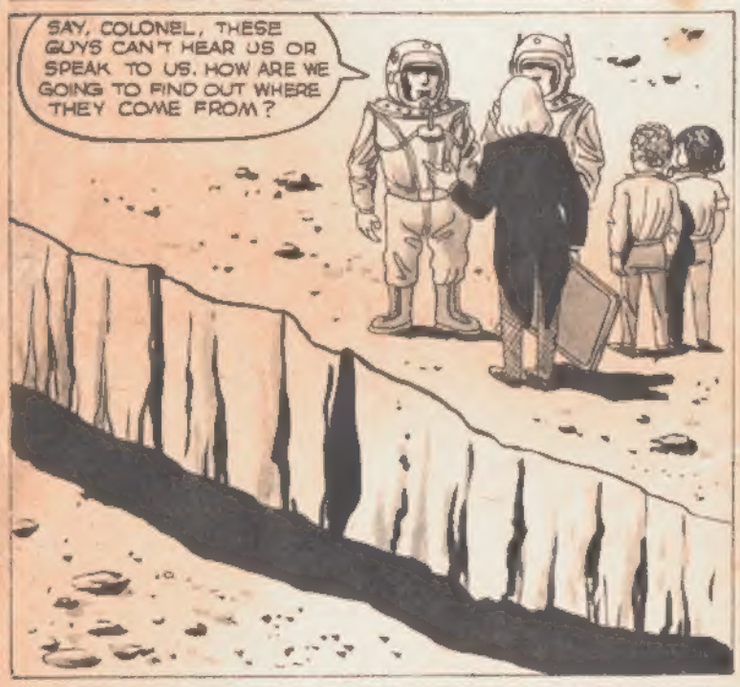


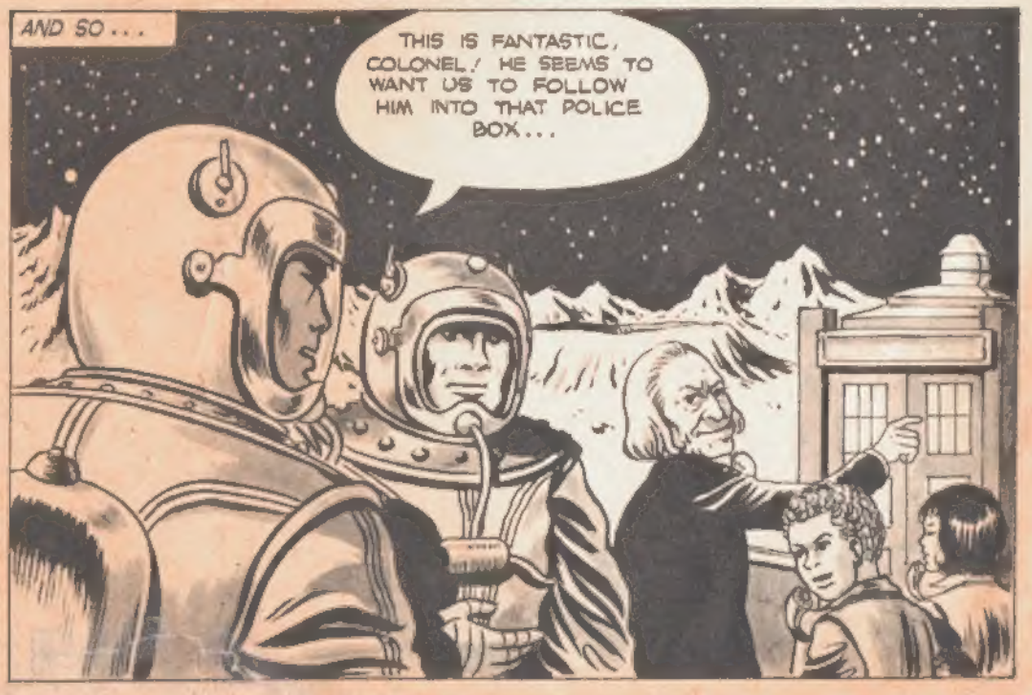


antastic .

DOCTOR WHO

Two spacemen from Earth have landed on the moon, and to their amazement find a police call box already on the moon's surface . . . Dr. Who rushes to their aid when the astronauts are trapped in a chasm.





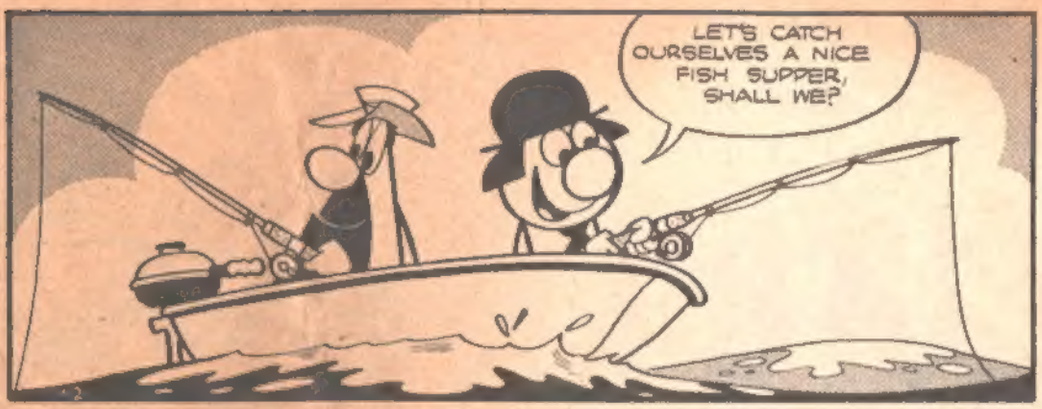
© BBC tv 1965 INCONTRACTE

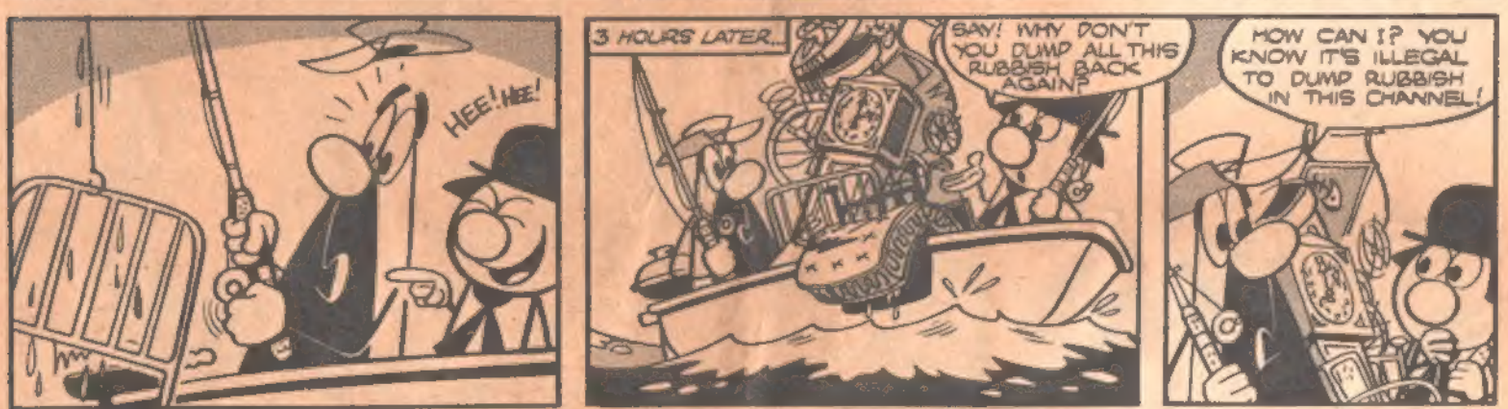
THE OLD MAN MUST BE MAD TO THINK WE CAN ALL SQUEEZE INTO THAT!
BUT...
WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE TARDIS, GENTLEMEN!
BUT-BUT I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF DREAM, OR A MIRAGE!
AND IF IT'S NOT A DREAM AND IT'S NOT A MIRAGE, THEN WE'RE NOT THE FIRST MEN ON THE MOON AFTER ALL. THIS IS AWFUL, COLONEL!
KEEP CALM, MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, I DO ASSURE YOU!
IMAGINE TELLING YOUR FREINDS ON EARTH THAT YOU MET AN OLD MAN IN A FROCK COAT WHO HAD ARRIVED ON THE MOON WITH TWO CHILDREN IN A POLICE BOX!
GEE! THEY'D THINK WE WERE SUFFERING FROM SPACE HALLUCINATIONS, I GUESS!
BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU SIR? WON'T YOU TELL THEM YOU WERE ON THE MOON BEFORE US?
YOU WERE THE FIRST MEN TO SET FOOT ON THE MOON... ALTHOUGH I TRAVEL THROUGH TIME... I CANNOT CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY... AND NOW GENTLMEN, I MUST BID YOU FAREWELL!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE TARDIS DISAPPEARS...
LOOK, MAJOR... THEY'VE GONE!
H'M! I WONDER... PERHAPS IT WAS SPACE HALLUCINATIONS AFTER ALL!
NEVILLE MAIN

Don't miss the fantastic NEW Dr. Who story next week

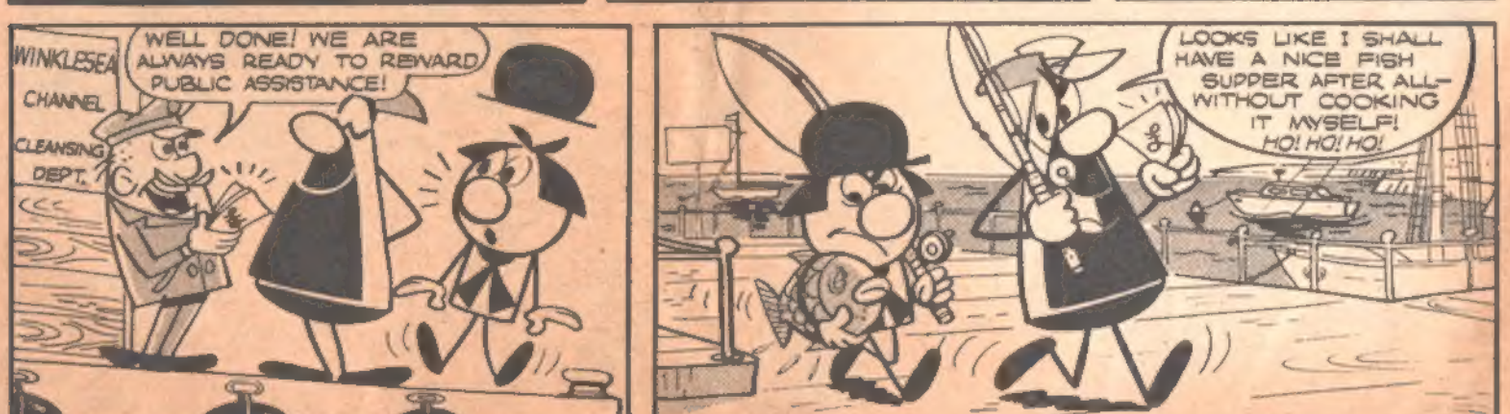
Foo Foo and GOGO

BY HALAS AND BATCHELOR




HEE! HEE!
3 HOURS LATER...
SAY! WHY DON'T YOU DUMP ALL THIS RUBBISH BACK AGAIN?
HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW IT'S ILLEGAL TO DUMP RUBBISH IN THIS CHANNEL!

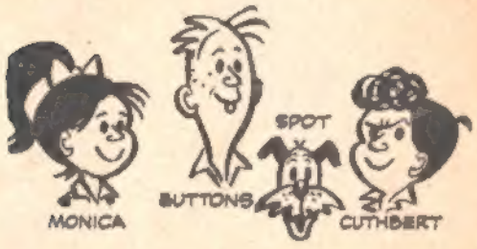
OH BOY, JUST WAIT TILL PEOPLE SEE YOUR 'CATCH'!
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT RUBBISH?
WE'RE BRINGING IT BACK— I'VE PULLED IT ALL OUT OF THE CHANNEL!

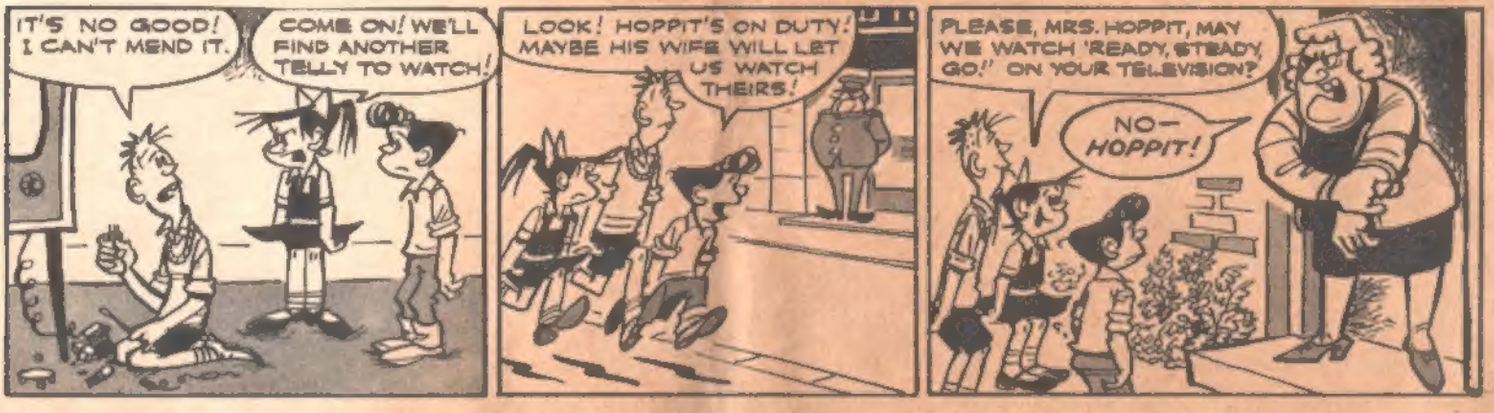

WINKLESEA CHANNEL CLEANSING DEPT.
WELL DONE! WE ARE ALWAYS READY TO REWARD PUBLIC ASSISTANCE!
LOOKS LIKE I SHALL HAVE A NICE FISH SUPPER AFTER ALL— WITHOUT COOKING IT MYSELF! HO! HO! HO!

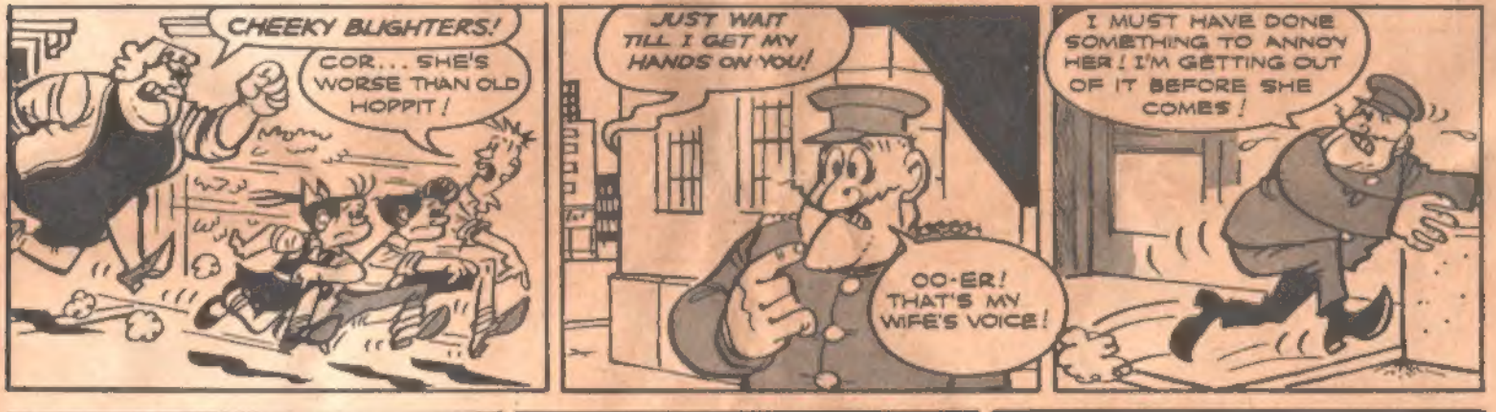
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

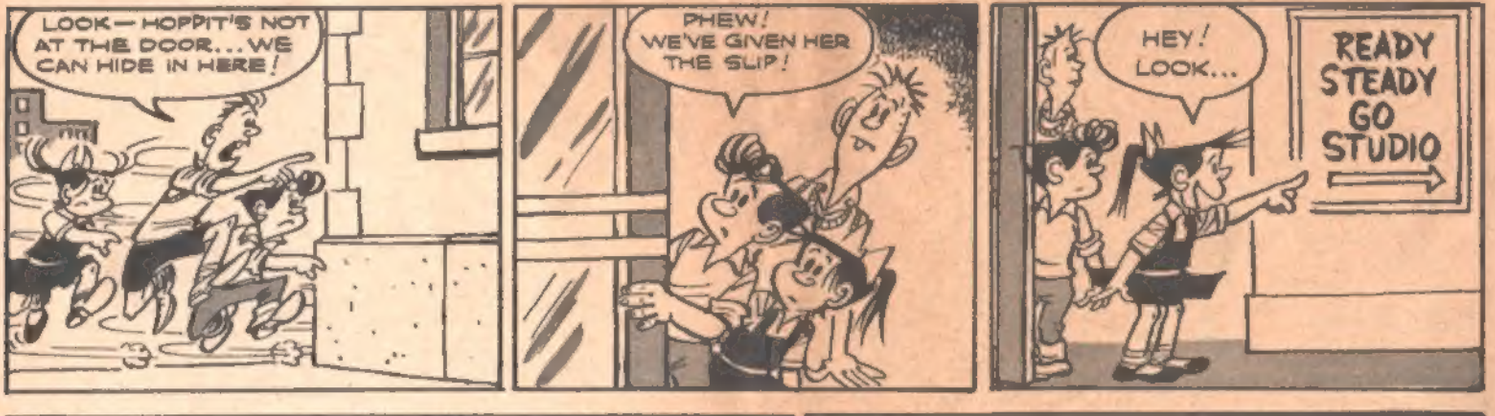
More fun with Foo Foo next week

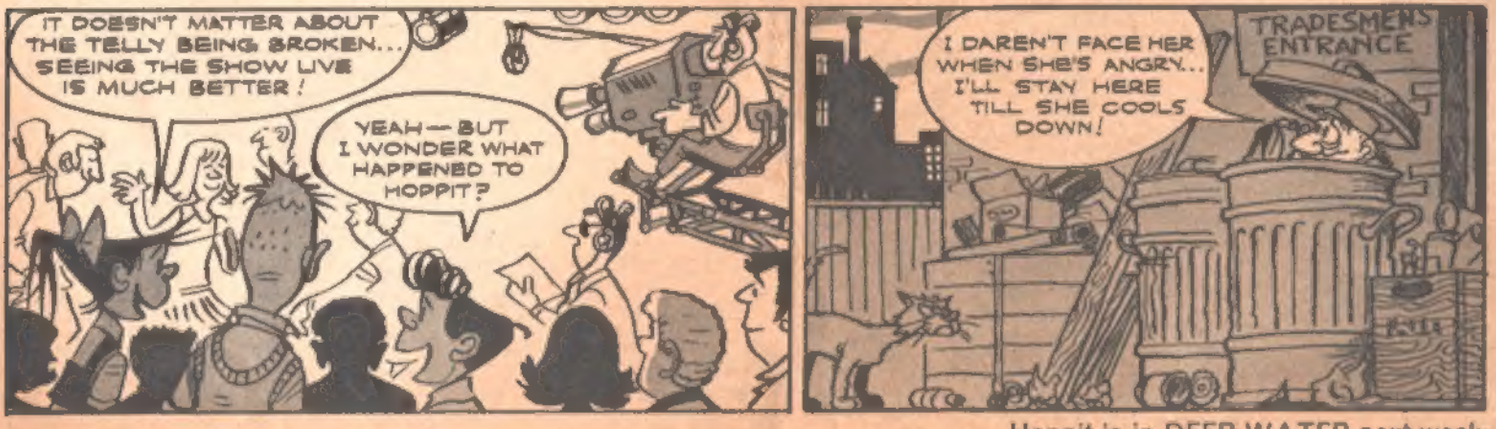
TV TERRORS




IT'S NO GOOD! I CAN'T MEND IT.
COME ON! WE'LL FIND ANOTHER TELLY TO WATCH!
LOOK! HOPPIT'S ON DUTY! MAYBE HIS WIFE WILL LET US WATCH THEIRS!
PLEASE, MRS. HOPPIT, MAY WE WATCH 'READY, STEADY, GO!' ON YOUR TELEVISION?
NO— HOPPIT!

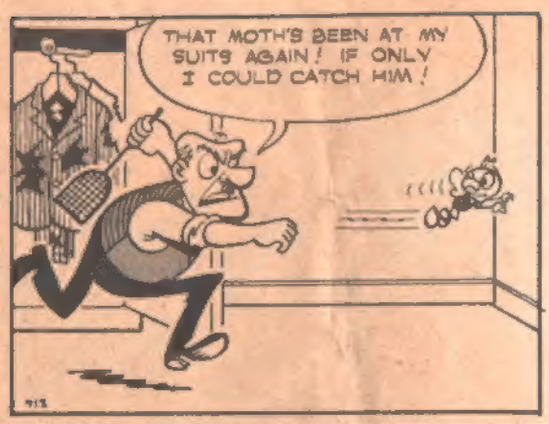

CHEEKY BUGHTERS!
COR... SHE'S WORSE THAN OLD HOPPIT!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!
OO-ER! THAT'S MY WIFE'S VOICE!
I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO ANNOY HER! I'M GETTING OUT OF IT BEFORE SHE COMES!

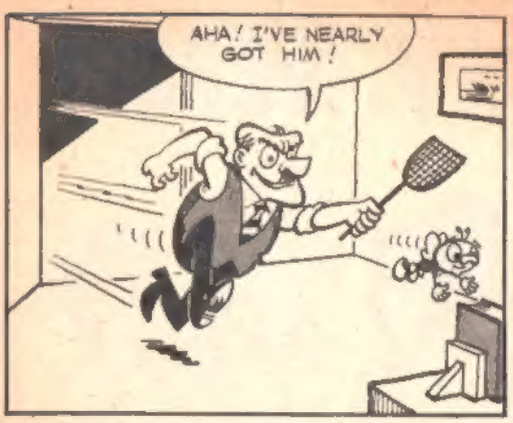


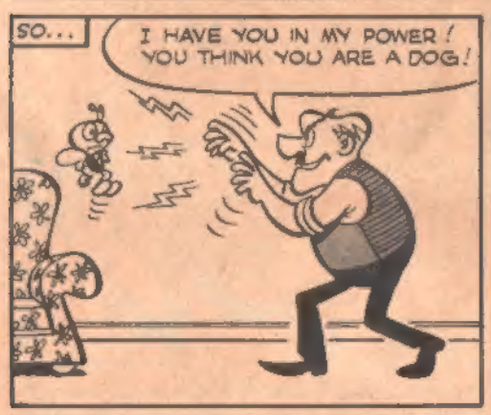

IT DOESN'T MATTER ABOUT THE TELLY BEING BROKEN... SEEING THE SHOW LIVE IS MUCH BETTER!
YEAH— BUT I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HOPPIT?
I DAREN'T FACE HER WHEN SHE'S ANGRY... I'LL STAY HERE TILL SHE COOLS DOWN!
TRADESMENS ENTRANCE

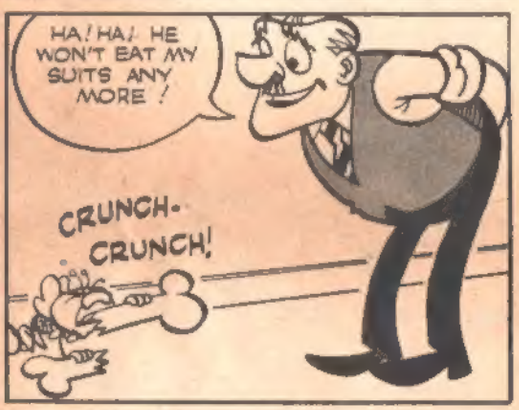
Hoppit is in DEEP WATER next week

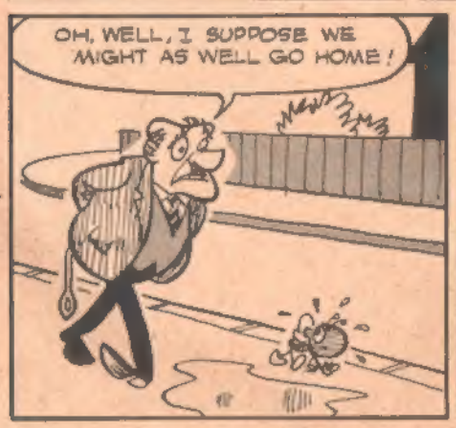
MIGHTY MOTH

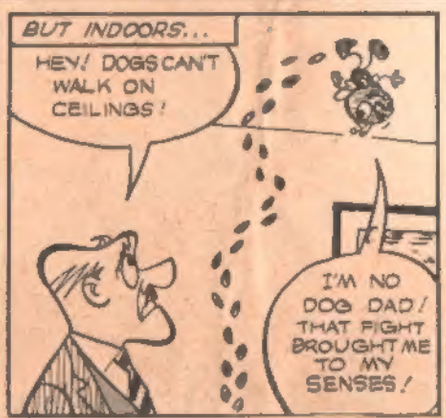


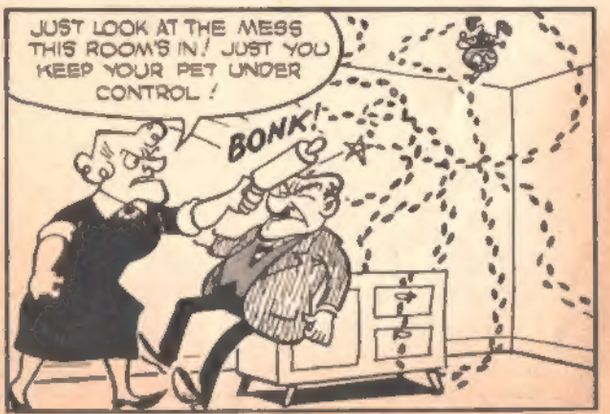






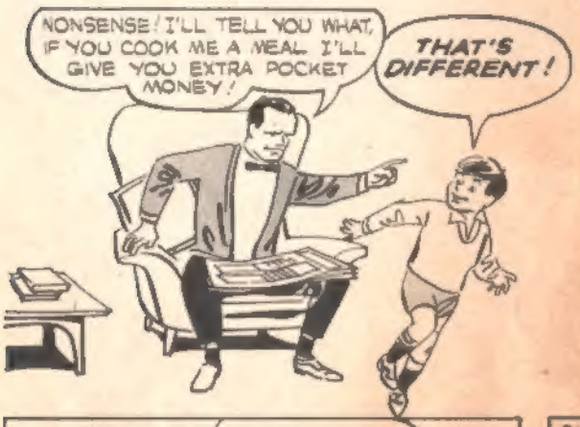


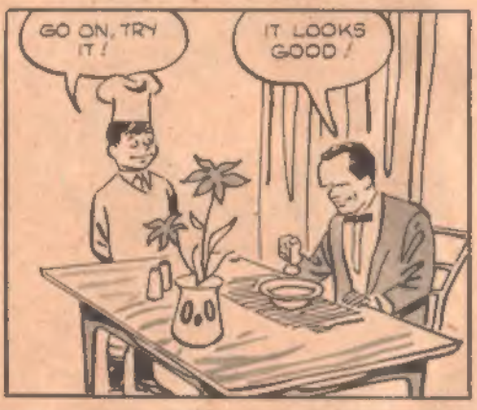


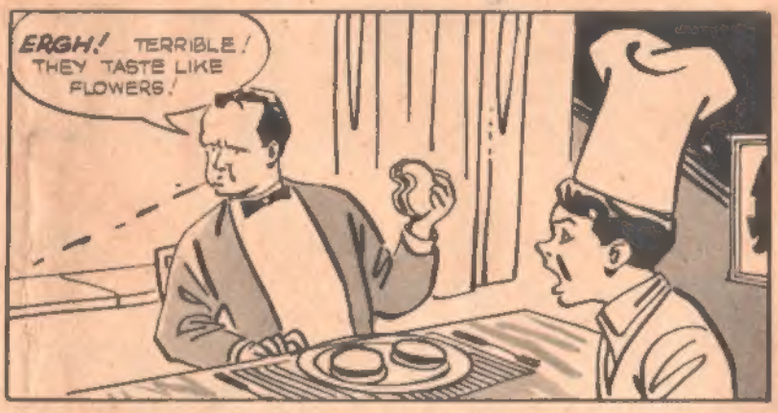


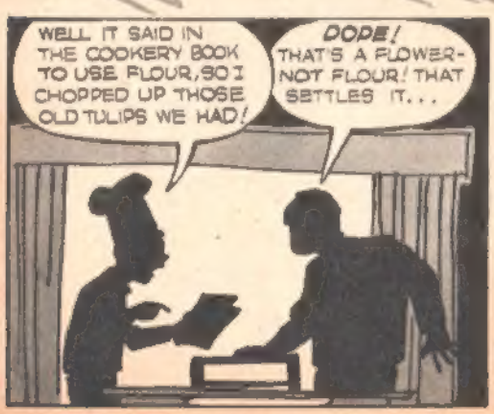
Next week you'll think it's awfully funny, to see Dad dressed up as a Bunny

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY








WELL IT SAID IN THE COOKERY BOOK TO USE FLOUR, SO I CHOPPED UP THOSE OLD TULIPS WE HAD!
DOPE! THAT'S A FLOWER— NOT FLOUR! THAT SETTLES IT...

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

Next week Dickie gets caught-out when he goes to a cricket match

SPACE PATROL

by Roberta Leigh

CAPTAIN LARRY DART and the crew have been sent to destroy an alien spaceship that is attacking unarmed ships with a deadly electrical ray against which even the Space Patrol galasphere has no defence . . .

BUT BEFORE CAPTAIN DART LEAVES A BADLY DAMAGED SPACE FREIGHTER THAT HAS BEEN ATTACKED . . .

DID I SEE CANS OF RUBBER PAINT IN YOUR HOLD, COMMANDER?

YOU DID — BUT WHAT USE WILL IT BE TO YOU, CAPTAIN?

MAIN HOLD

IT WILL BE OUR DEFENCE AGAINST THE ENEMY SPACESHIP'S ELECTRICAL ATTACK!

BUT LARRY DART'S IDEA MEANS LOTS OF HARD WORK FOR THE CREW OF GALASPHERE . .

IT'S A GREAT IDEA YOU HAVE HERE, CAPTAIN. BY SPRAYING GALASPHERE WITH THIS RUBBER PAINT IT WILL STOP THE ELECTRICAL RAYS THE ENEMY USE!

RUBBER PAINT

THAT'S THAT JOB FINISHED, CAPTAIN! NOT A SPECK OF THE GALASPHERE IS LEFT UNCOVERED!

THEN THE GREAT SPACESHIP SETS OFF IN SEARCH OF THE RAIDER . . .

THE HUNT IS LONG, BUT THE PATIENCE OF THOSE ABOARD GALASPHERE 347 IS AT LAST REWARDED . . .

ENEMY SPACECRAFT SHOWING UP ON LONG-DISTANCE VIDEO, CAPTAIN!

IT'S TURNING TOWARDS US!

THIS IS HIM ALL RIGHT! IT'S JUST AS THAT FREIGHTER CAPTAIN DESCRIBED IT . . . AND IT MEANS TO GIVE US A FIGHT!

AND SURE ENOUGH, LONG BEFORE GALASPHERE 347 IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ENEMY TO USE ITS OWN WEAPONS . . . A FIERCE ELECTRICAL CHARGE FLASHES ACROSS SPACE . . .

BUT THANKS TO THE COATING OF RUBBER PAINT, THE GALASPHERE IS UNHARMED . . .

WE'RE ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN — NOT A SINGLE THING HAS BEEN DAMAGED!

GOOD! NOW LET'S GIVE THAT RAIDER A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

THE COWARDLY SPALPEEN . . . HE'S TURNING AWAY!

DON'T LOOSE HIM, CAPTAIN!

HEAVILY ARMED, AND PREPARED FOR ANYTHING, HUSKY, HAGGARTY AND SLIM LEAVE GALASPHERE 347 AND PUSH THEMSELVES TOWARDS THE SINISTER ENEMY SPACESHIP!

I'M TURNING ON FULL POWER TO CATCH HIM . . . BE READY TO FIRE OUR MISSILES, SLIM!

LARRY DART THRUSTS GALASPHERE CLOSE ENOUGH FOR A SHOT!

A HIT! GOOD SHOOTING, SLIM!

SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL!

PREPARE TO BOARD THE ENEMY . . . WE SHALL HAVE TO FIND OUT WHO THEY ARE IF WE CAN!

BUT IT TAKES EVERY TRICK OF LARRY DART'S SKILL TO BRING THE GALASPHERE ALONGSIDE THE ROLLING AND SWERVING ENEMY . . .

I DAREN'T LEAVE THESE CONTROLS FOR AN INSTANT IF WE'RE TO KEEP CLOSE TO THAT ALIEN SPACESHIP! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ACROSS TO IT WITHOUT ME!

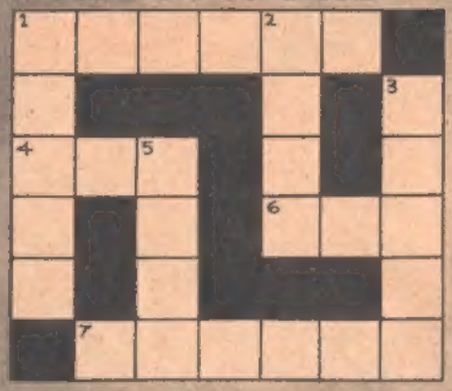
DON'T WORRY, CAPTAIN! SO LONG AS YOU KEEP THE GALASPHERE ALONGSIDE, WE'LL DEAL WITH WHOEVER IS ABOARD THAT SPACESHIP!

MEVIN

© WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

What is the secret of the enemy spaceship? . . . Don't miss next week's TV Comic

PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES DOWN

CLUES ACROSS

ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

Calling all pop fans!

Ready, Steady, Go! annual 84 pages packed with features and photos of the top pop stars. ON SALE NOW . . . PRICE 6/-

144 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps, also the famous old **Queen Victoria Stamp of Great Britain,** ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, together with a selection of Approvals.

Please enclose 4d. postage.

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LOOK-YOUR OWN STINGRAY!

Send for this Airfix Construction Kit, says Troy Tempest

Hello Aquanauts,

Ever dreamed of commanding Stingray? Well now you can! I will send you an easy-to-assemble Airfix Construction Kit (which you can only get from Lyons Maid) that makes up into a thrilling 10" scale model of Stingray.

Just enjoy SEA JET—the great new deep-sea iced lolly from LYONS MAID. Then send me 3 *Sea Jet wrappers and a Postal Order for* 6/-.

Be sure to get *your own* Stingray!

Troy Tempest

4 GREAT *Sea Jet* FLAVOURS | VANILLA | CHOCOLATE | RASPBERRY | ORANGE

Buy them at your nearest *Sea Jet* Station—wherever you see the Lyons Maid sign

SEND OFF THIS COUPON NOW

Lyons Maid

TROY TEMPEST
LYONS MAID SEA JET OFFER
40 SUN STREET
LONDON E.C.2

Please send me my Stingray kit. I enclose 3 SEA JET wrappers and a crossed Postal Order for 6/- payable to Lyons Maid Limited.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

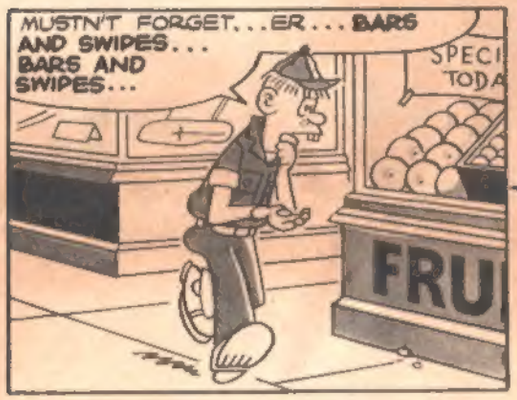
CAPITAL LETTERS PLEASE

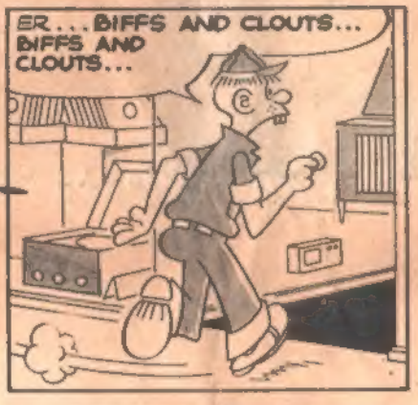
Allow up to 3 weeks for delivery. Offer closes 31st October, 1965.

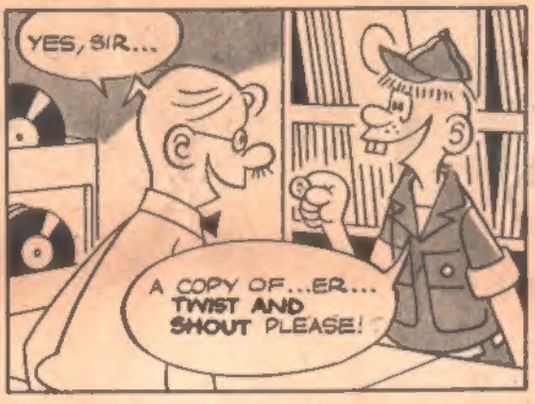
BEETLE BAILEY

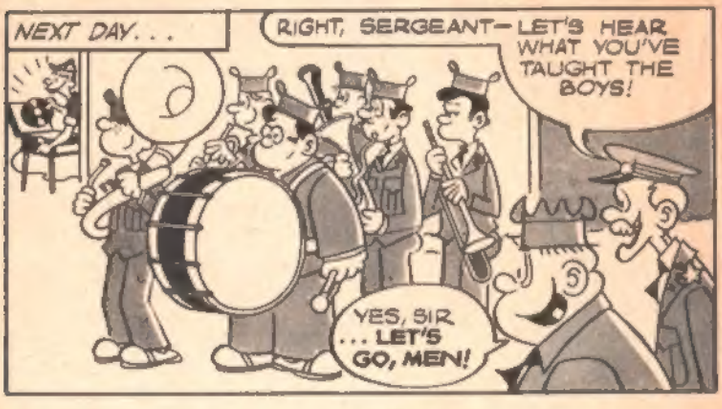
THAT'S GREAT! HE SAID HE WANTS TO HEAR US PLAY TOMORROW!
I KNOW, SARGE! WHY DON'T WE MIME TO A RECORD LIKE THEY DO ON THOSE TV POP PROGRAMMES?

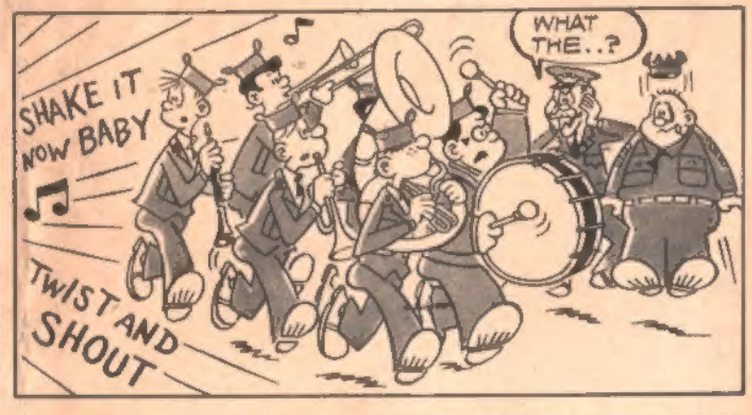
GO TO THE RECORD STORE, ZERO, AND GET A COPY OF "STARS AND STRIPES" — DON'T FORGET!
I WON'T, SARGE— STARS AND STRIPES... STARS AND STRIPES...

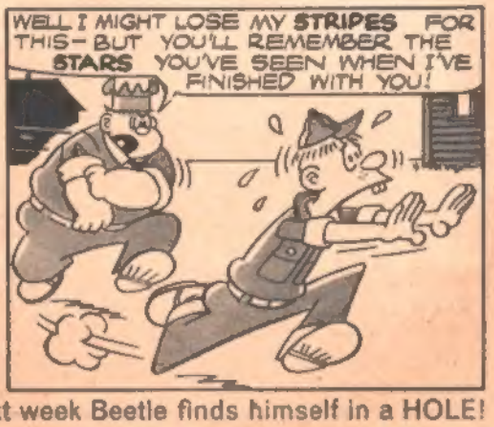












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Next week Beetle finds himself in a HOLE!

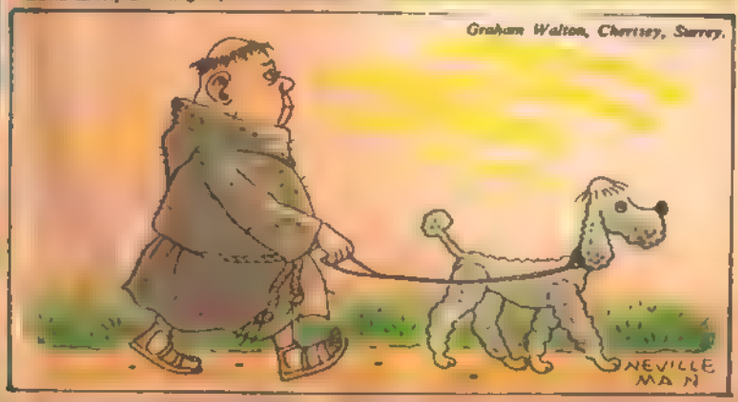
PICK OF THE JOKES

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to The Editor, TV Comic, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

David Elliot, Cramlington, Northumberland.

Stephen Wolley, Barnet, Herts.

M. Shaw, Newcastle under Lyme, Staffs.



Graham Walton, Chertsey, Surrey.

look!

WILD BIRDS in BRITAIN

NEW Brooke Bond Picture Cards

This latest series of Brooke Bond picture cards was painted and described by C. F. Tunnicliffe, R.A. It features the wonderful variety of wild birds found throughout Great Britain.

Get the Special Album

The album is full of interesting information and extra drawings. In it you can mount the complete set of 50 cards. Price 6d from your grocer, or send a 6d postal order to Brooke Bond Tea Ltd., Dept. PC, Goulston Street, London E.1. Picture cards and album available in U.K. only.

PICTURE CARD FREE IN EVERY PACKET OF

BROOKE BOND TEA

ALSO IN CROWN CUP INSTANT COFFEE

GET THE SPECIAL ALBUM—PRICE 6D

ORLANDO

ORLANDO was right in thinking that Streaky had been kidnapped, but the boy had not suffered nearly as much as Orlando in the car crash. This was due to the fact that he had been wearing the crash helmet he used for his scooter.

The boy came to his senses as he was being carried by the crooks into the back of the black saloon car, and Streaky was alert enough to wonder what was happening.

It was not till the car was speeding along a country road, however, that he woke up sufficiently to make any comment.

"Hoy!" he said. "Where's Orlando?"

"Quiet, chum," growled a man beside him.

Streaky's wits worked overtime. The idea that these men could leave his boss in trouble offended him.

"You big gump!" he snorted. "Orlando's my pal."

"Forget it, son, we don't want any trouble."

"Speak for yourself, then," snorted Streaky, and he swung his fist and punched the man right in the middle of his white shirt-front.

The man—whose name was Connelly—doubled up in agony. Streaky had knocked all the wind out of him. At the same time, he bumped his head on the back of the front seat, so that he was more dazed than Streaky.

Streaky acted swiftly. His hands went round the neck of the driver, who was the only other man in the car, and he squeezed fiercely.

"Stop the waggon!" he roared. "I want to get off."

The driver gurgled unhappily. He shot out both feet and grabbed the gear lever, so that the black saloon came to a halt. Streaky bent forward himself then, giving the driver a wallop with his crash helmet, after which he pushed the door open and leaped out into the road.

Streaky was trying to escape, of course, but he had reckoned without the toughness of Connelly. The big crook leaped out after him.

Putting on speed, Streaky dived through a hedge, finding himself in a field of corn Streaky's wits were still working, and he realized what the crooks were after.

They wanted the envelope with the enlargement and his negative—the picture that could prove who had really sunk the *Serena*. As the boy scrambled through the hedge, he whipped the envelope from his pocket and looked round for somewhere to hide it.

Streaky found the perfect spot—in the pocket of an old scarecrow! Quickly he got rid of the "evidence," then turned to face Connelly.

"Now you're for it," snarled the crook.

He swung a cosh.

Once again Streaky's crash helmet saved him. There was a dull thud, then Connelly made a sound like a tyre going phut. This was because Streaky had ducked his head and butted him with his crash helmet.

The boy was game to the last. He struggled fiercely with Connelly, but went down from a savage blow delivered by the driver. The latter had scrambled out of the car to help his fellow-crook.

"Young stinker!" he snarled. "He nearly choked me."

"Okay!" gulped Connelly. "We'll fix him this time. Get that rope outa the boot."

It was some moments before Streaky recovered. When he did so, he was bound hand and foot. What's more, the car was pulling up on the marshes.

Streaky knew that spot, and he recognized the old barn into which the crooks were carrying him. It was a dilapidated structure that had long since been abandoned by the farmer who owned it.

The crooks dumped him on an earthen floor and went through all his pockets.

"He ain't got it!" snarled the driver. "What's the good o' bringing him here if he ain't got what we want?"

"Hold your row!" hooted Connelly. "Maybe he's hidden it in the car."

Both crooks rushed out to find out, but there was no envelope in the black saloon. They scratched their heads, then pushed the car into the barn to hide it.

"You look after this young firebrand," snarled Connelly. "I'm gonna take a walk an' phone the boss."

Streaky heard the words, but he could not do anything about it. He was trussed like a chicken ready for the oven. Connelly departed while the driver sat on a box and glared at Streaky. The boy stared back, wishing that he could let Orlando know what had happened.

Orlando had not been idle. Having decided that Streaky had been kidnapped, he rushed Old Sam out of the boatshed into his amphibious vehicle.

"The spalpeens have wrecked my sports car," he snorted. "But we still have a means of transport."

"Leave me behind!" groaned Old Sam, who saw trouble ahead. "I'm not the best sort of chap for this kind of work."

"You're the world's worst," Orlando agreed. "But you're all I've got, so stop moaning."

The amphibian—which was capable of travelling on water as well as on land—roared away in the direction of Sandsea. It was Orlando's intention to revisit the scene of the accident—he hoped to pick up a clue there—but things did not work out the way he expected. Sandsea High Street was crowded with traffic, and nobody seemed to know anything about the crash that had occurred that morning.

"Sam, old friend," said Orlando, after he had made enquiries, "we're doing this job the wrong way round.

"That's what I said," snorted Sam. "We oughta go home an' have a sleep."

"You lazy hound!" said Orlando. "That's not what I meant at all. What I mean is—we're lookin' for the wrong sort of clue."

Sam crossed his eyes as he tried to think this out.

"What sorta clue do you want?"

Orlando thought deeply.

"Now listen! Streaky's only been kidnapped because he took a picture of those fellers that rowed away from the *Serena*. So it's all the work of a gang! Now—you've known this coast since you were a youngster. Whereabouts could a boatload of guys come ashore here without being seen?"

"Well, there's only one spot." Sam's brow furrowed in thought "There's a creek through the marshes to an old barn that's never used. If I wanted to get ashore without being seen, that's the creek I'd use."

Orlando threw in the clutch and the amphibian roared away Straight down to the beach it went, Orlando following a ramp that led to the water.

Quite a number of holiday-makers gasped as they saw a car drive straight into the water. But the amphibian kept going, driven by the propellor at the rear. It ploughed ahead at a good four knots, Old Sam doing some more blinking as he sat beside Orlando.

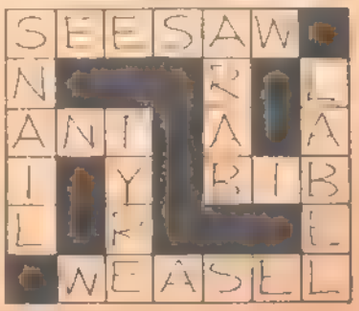
"Now," said the Irishman, "you can act as pilot for this creek."

"I can do that," groaned Sam. "But what's going to happen when we get there?"

Orlando did not know. All he knew was that the kidnappers were somehow connected with the mysterious boat crew, and that they would probably head for the same spot. Orlando was heading for the old barn! !

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S ORLANDO

PICTURE CROSSWORD ANSWERS



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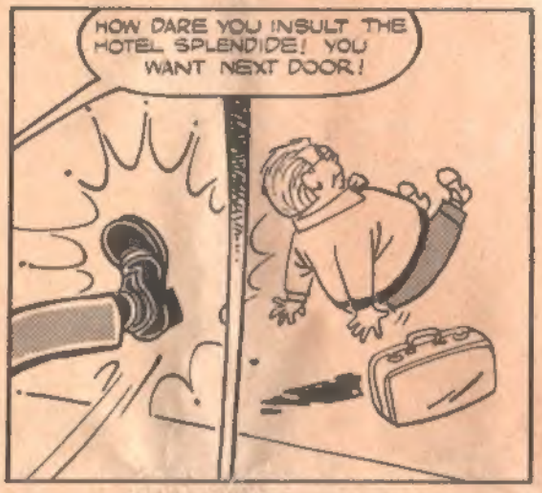
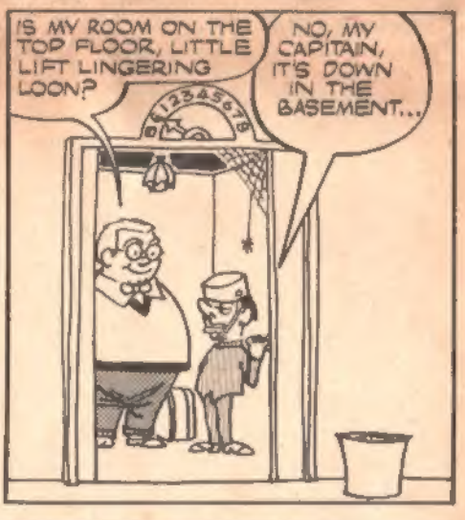
THE TELEGOONS

IN

I'VE BIN IN THE BEST HOTELS

A ROOM, SIR? CERTAINLY, SIR! WE HAVE AN EXCELLENT ROOM WITH HOT AND COLD RUNNING TELEVISION AT £15 PER NIGHT!
OH-ER-I CAN ONLY AFFORD 15/-



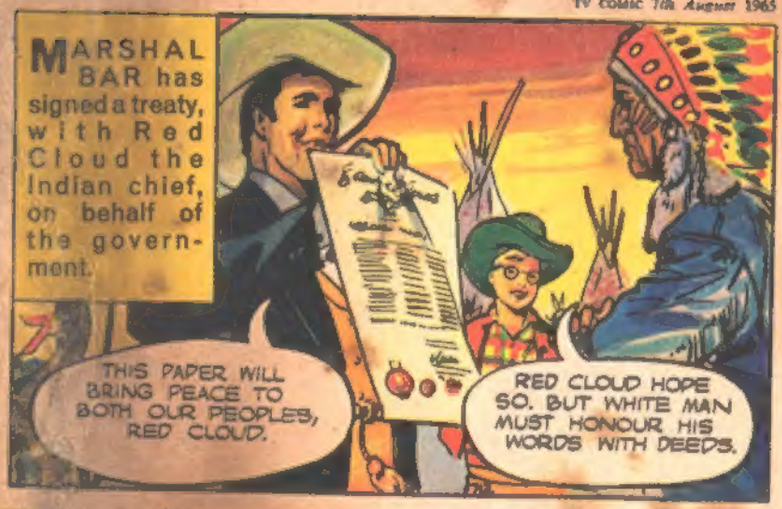


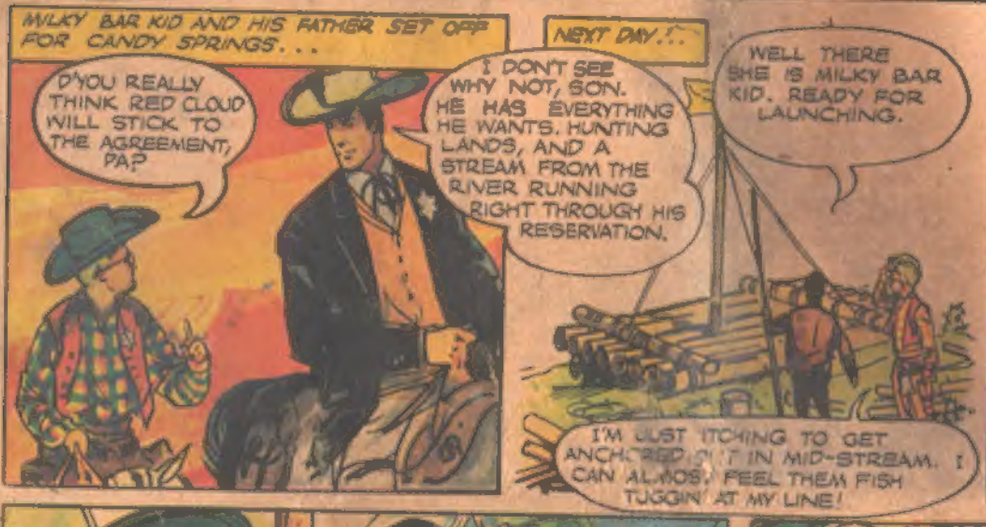
THIS IS ROBBERY! I ...
HUM... EXCUSE ME, KIND SIR, BUT COULD YOU MAKE A LITTLE LESS NOISE? DA... I'M TRYIN' TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE!
HOTEL CRUMB
HOTEL CRUMB
OH, WELL, I'LL SEE THE MANAGER IN THE MORNING!
DA... 'NIGHT!
HOTEL CRUMB
HOTEL CRUMB
BUT, EARLY NEXT MORNING...
?
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
HELP!
HEY! DEY SERVE BREAKFAST NICE AN' EARLY HERE, DON'T DEY?
I'M NOT STANDING FOR THIS! WAIT TILL I SEE THAT MANAGER!
ANYTHING WRONG, SIR?
YES! WE'VE BEEN DUMPED ON A DUMP BY DUMB DUSTMEN! I'LL SUE YOU FOR THIS!
NOW, NOW, SIR, LET'S NOT BE HASTY—I'M SURE WE CAN COME TO SOME ARRANGEMENT!
I KNOW! I WILL PERSONALLY PAY FOR YOU BOTH TO STAY IN THE BEST HOTEL IN TOWN! THE HOTEL SPLENDIDE NEXT DOOR!
SOUNDS FINE... FINE!
SO...
A-HA! THIS IS WHAT I CALL LIVING IN STYLE!
DA... I ALWAYS WANTED TO STAY IN A POSH HOTEL!
HOTEL SPLENDIDE
HOTEL SPLENDIDE

Next week there is a dreadful fuss, when Eccles drives a flying bus

The MILKY BAR KID

MARSHAL BAR has signed a treaty, with Red Cloud the Indian chief, on behalf of the government.




MILKY BAR KID AND HIS FATHER SET OFF FOR CANDY SPRINGS...
D'YOU REALLY THINK RED CLOUD WILL STICK TO THE AGREEMENT, PA?
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT, SON. HE HAS EVERYTHING HE WANTS. HUNTING LANDS, AND A STREAM FROM THE RIVER RUNNING RIGHT THROUGH HIS RESERVATION.
NEXT DAY...
WELL THERE SHE IS MILKY BAR KID. READY FOR LAUNCHING.
I'M JUST ITCHING TO GET ANCHORED OUT IN MID-STREAM. I CAN ALMOST FEEL THEM FISH TUGGIN' AT MY LINE!

WE'RE GAINING ON THEM!
YES – BECAUSE WE'RE BEING DRAGGED TOWARDS THE WATERFALL! HOLD ON TIGHT, SMITHY, IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW.

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week.

RECEPTACLE

YOU CAN JUMP OUT EASILY. MOON'S GRAVITY IS 1/6 OF EARTH. TIT HEADS!
RECEPTACLE..!

OF COURSE, WE SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT MAJOR!